

I WAS BORN A CATHOLIC

**ALL MY ANCESTORS WERE ROMAN
CATHOLICS**

I SAID THE ROSARY EVERY DAY

I was born and raised in a Roman Catholic home. All my known ancestors and relatives were Roman Catholics. We had religious pictures of the saints of the church and of the Virgin Mary in our home.

The Virgin Mary held a great place in my heart. I would tell her many, and almost all, of my heartaches, since I felt that she understood. My rosary was always my secret prayer helper. Daily, for several years, I took the rosary from my purse when leaving the house on my way to town to catch a train to go to work. I would repeat the beads, trusting that I would have a good day at work.

Every Sunday morning it was the usual thing for the priest to announce the masses to be said during the week for those who had died years back and who were still in purgatory. The same fear would grip me each Sunday. Then the last Sunday of these two months the priest said that they were going to have requiem high mass the following Tuesday, for a man who had died forty-five years before. His wife was having this special mass said for him.

Immediately God dealt with me—forty-five years in purgatory—how do they know? Haven't we been praying for them, and their loved ones?

praying too? Surely not—No—No—That cannot be. How do they know?—No, they don't know. God, they can't be right. God; I have always believed in purgatory, but here this man is still there because the wife paid for this mass to be said for him. Oh God! They're wrong!

With a confused mind I left the church and went to my room. I thought about it the rest of the day. I did not go to the church that night, because, though I was in that Roman church for twenty years and thought to be the only right one, I now knew that the belief in purgatory was wrong—and, if that was wrong, I knew other things were also wrong.

I stopped praying to the saints and to Mary. I stopped using the rosary that very day and just prayed to Jesus on the cross (not the risen Christ) and to God. Yet I was not completely happy because I was continually begging that in some way I must now find peace.

One day a friend of mine invited me to a revival. I had never heard of a revival before, so for curiosity I went. It was the closing night, and I heard the Evangelist say, "There are only two places to go to when you leave this world—Heaven and Hell." He also said, "Jesus is coming back. You may never die, because, if you accept Jesus as your personal Saviour, you will be ready if He comes. Your body will be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. If you leave this place without Jesus, you can die tonight and go to Hell. But you can accept Jesus as your Saviour and before leaving this place know that, should you die tonight, you will go to heaven."

When the invitation was given, I went forward and knelt in prayer. A worker came to my side and

asked if I was saved; and though I had given up the church at heart, yet I said, "No, I am. I am. I am a Roman Catholic." She said, "My dear, I used to be a Roman Catholic too, but one day I came to Jesus, and He took my sins away. You are not saved by belongi~~ng~~ to a church, but you must ~~ask~~ Jesus to come into your heart, as only He can take your sins away."

That night I gave up my Roman Catholic teaching completely, and put aside the thought of how much I had ~~prayed~~ during my life-time. I confessed my sins to Jesus, because I learned who you can read in the Roman Catholic prayer book, in the Epistles to be read the second Sunday after Easter: that "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that you should follow in His steps. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

I found out that Jesus was the only One Who could help me. How glad I was to have the burden lifted. I had a peace and a rest from that time on.

A few days after my conversion my parents and church friends learned that I had left the church—you guessed right—rather than being happy that I had gone to Jesus and had cried out to Him, telling Him that I was a poor lost sinner, they turned against me. I was told that I had disgraced the family, as I was the only one that had ever left the right church. My Bible was hidden, I was called insane, was threatened to be put in the asylum.

When I found the Bible, my father threatened me with a leather harness strap folded double. While his arm was stretched out to whip me,

prayed to God to give me grace to take the whip-
pin. Just then his arm dropped and he said
"Lucky girl, you are of age, or I would have
whipped you to pieces." (I had just passed my
twenty-first birthday six weeks before.) I could tell
you of many more persecutions but these will suf-
fice.

My dear friend, if you are bound by forms
and ceremonies and tradition of the fathers, and
have no assurance of a present peace, hear His
voice, "He that cometh to Me, I will in no wise
cast out," Jesus turns against no one. He came
to seek and save that which was lost. "There is
none other Name under heaven whereby we may
be saved." Isn't that plain? Jesus said the
yoke is easy. He also says, "Let not your heart be
troubled," and unless the sin question is settled, I
know that you have a troubled heart. "The blood
of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." —1 John
1:7.

—Mrs. F. E. Goddick

For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the
power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. Rom. 1

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